Volume LXXV CHICAGO, AUGUST 12, 1915 Number 24

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Above the Battle's Front

St. Francis, Buddha, Tolstoi, and St. John—
  Friends, if you four, as pilgrims, hand in hand,
Returned, the hate of earth once more to dare,
  And walked upon the water and the land.

If you, with words celestial, stopped these kings
  For sober conclave, ere their battle great,
Would they for one deep instant then discern
  Their crime, their heart-rot, and their fiend's estate?

If you should float above the battle's front,
  Pillars of cloud, of fire that does not slay,
Bearing a fifth within your regal train,
  The Son of David in his strange array—

If, in his majesty, he towered toward Heaven,
  Would they have hearts to see or understand?
. . . Nay, for he hovers there tonight we know,
  Thorn-crowned above the water and the land.

—*Vachel Lindsay.*

The Congo and Other Poems
The Macmillan Co.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1915. Number 24

THE HIDDEN GLACIER.

There is no time for hate, O wasteful friend:
Put hate away until the ages end.
Have you an ancient wound? Forget the wrong.....
Out in my West a forest loud with song
Towers high and green over a field of snow,
Over a glacier buried far below.

—Edwin Markham.

"The Shoes of Happiness," Doubleday, Page & Co.

A Correction

Owing to the inconveniences of the long-armed editing incident to the summer residence of the Editorial force in Wisconsin there was an unfortunate dismemberment of our editorial in the issue of August 5th entitled "A Guide-Book Through American Literature." The reader will please ameliorate the mistake by noting the continuation of that editorial from the bottom of the first column on page 357 to the bottom of second column on page 355, beginning with "This child of humanity," etc., and ending on the top of first column, page 356, ending with the words, "the message of literature is universal and is understandable in all lands when forcefully spoken in any tongue."

Daniel French has recently completed a statue of Wendell Phillips which will be erected in bronze on one of the new Boulevards of Boston. Here is another case of the rejected stone becoming the cornerstone of the temple.

The *Crisis* speaks of an Oklahoma white man who on his death-bed recently confessed to the killing and robbing of a wealthy white merchant in Louisiana thirty-four years ago, for which act a suspected colored man was promptly lynched.

Sojourner Truth, the African Sibyl of such great potency, once said to a little girl who was proud to read to her, "I cannot read such little things as letters, I read men." Those who knew her knew well that this gift of reading men gave her a cultured soul.

A white man in Tennessee left the black mother of his children $80,000 with which to rear them. A Tennessee jury has found the mother insane Of course they want a white administrator of the funds. It is encouraging though to learn that the case is still in the Court. Of course the *Crisis* is right when it suggests that the lawyers will get most of it.

Many Americans will regret to learn that Pastor Charles Wagner of Paris has recently undergone a severe surgical operation and as a consequence his church will have to be closed for some months. The report, however, is favorable for ultimate recovery, but oh! how Paris needs the consolations of the simple life and the message of brotherliness which transcends army lines and ameliorates the hatreds engendered by war.

The Salvation Army reached its fiftieth anniversary on the 5th of July last. A great work has been accomplished. Much devotion has been manifested and the reward of the consecrated has been realized, but it has been a phenomenal illustration of the application of a galvanic battery to a dead or a dying theology. General Booth was a great man, but the heart in him betrayed his head. The salvation that abides and that will save the world must have in it an altar devoted to reason and a reason consecrated to thought as well as to duty.

The Island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, largely populated by colored people, is related to the government of Denmark. A colored commission recently waited upon the King and obtained from him and the Parliament, freedom of speech for the islanders, full suffrage for the natives, university education in Denmark for graduates of Island schools and the replacement of its Danish guards by native police. Thus slowly but surely does the black man climb upward and become the recipient of fair play and administrative justice.

The *Christian Life* (London) commends the movement in Canada to avoid the wearing of black mourning in honor of those who have fallen on foreign battle fields. No, no, brother! Let no one undertake to ameliorate the horrible atrocities of war. Let State Houses and churches, as well as schools, colleges and army camps be draped in black while war continues. Only when the Temple of Janus is closed and there is peace throughout the world, will white raiment be becoming, meanwhile let the White Bordered Banner plead for a cessation of the wickedness of war.

Recently in an editorial note we called attention to the Julius Rosenwald encouragement of the building of rural school-houses among the colored people of Alabama. The *Crisis* for August reports twenty-one such houses having been built since October 1, 1914,

Mr. Rosenwald having donated $6,191, the State of Alabama $3,150, the white people $1,570, the colored people themselves having subscribed the largest sum of $9,279, making a total of $20,190. Mr. Rosenwald's offer is open for the next five years for two hundred such schoolhouses, but the gift is always conditioned upon the State and colored people joining in the undertaking. This is surely constructive charity.

On its recent "Degree Day" the University of Leeds, England, conferred the degree of Doctor of Letters on the Rev. Charles Hargrave and the Rev. Philip H. Wickstead, two revered and devoted leaders of the Liberal movement in England. At its recent Convocation the Meadville Theological School conferred the well-earned degree Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. Charles E. St. John of Philadelphia and the Rev. William H. Chaffin of Northeastern, Mass. All of these men have earned the distinction long ago and it would be well for institutions to remember that if these marks of honor have any dynamic power they might well be bestowed while the honored are still in the field and a recognition means added power. A college degree should mean something more than a suggestion for the tombstone marker.

The result of the *Literary Digest's* pooling of the editorial vote for or against "Billy" Sunday shows that out of 127 votes cast only 56 religious editors favored "Billy" Sunday. Forty-three gave qualified endorsement and 28 were opposed. This would give the Baseball Evangelist a minority of 15, which, in view of the overwhelming number of editors who are strictly orthodox, is a most significant fact. The Baptists seem to be in the majority, they yielded 13 favorable votes, 7 qualified and two opposed. The Methodists offered 10 favorable, 11 qualified, none opposed. The Presbyterians 8 favoring, 4 qualified and none opposed. The Editor of the California *Christian Advocate* in commenting on this vote, remarks: "Inasmuch as no Methodist Editor is referred to as being opposed to Mr. Sunday, it is evident that all the editors did not respond to the request for an opinion." Probably not, but those who did respond awaken thought.

The writer of this note is not much given to "Lodges" and "Fraternities" though he is not without experience in these directions. He recoils from the "black ball" tests of fellowship that obtain in all such guilds. For that reason he is all the more willing to give room to the frank revealments in the sermon of the Rev. E. A. Coil, pastor of the First Unitarian Church at Marietta, Ohio, which we publish on another page. Is it not true that all these various "organizations," "associations," "clubs," "guilds," "unions," etc., etc., that are more or less successfully carrying out the gospel of love and applying the religion of Jesus, constitute a serious arraignment of the churches whose work is so largely left to these organizations, handicapped by much formality and circumscribed by cruel, eliminating and excluding lines? But it is to be further confessed that spite of their exclusions, black balls and secret signs and grips these fraternities do heroically override sectarian, partisan and racial prides and prejudices. They do represent an internationalism and interdenominationalism that is very real and most inspiring.

Suggestive steps are being taken in Boston for a suitable celebration of the first anniversary of the beginning of the horrible war, which comes on the first day of August, fittingly this year on a Sunday. It is a day that ought to go down into history as the Black Letter Day, and this movement contemplates the enlisting of the co-operation of all the churches. Appropriate hymns, special sermons and prayers are to be arranged for. It is hoped that the bells of many churches will toll as for a funeral. The possibility of a public procession is being considered in memory of those who have been killed in the war. The plan is to have a simple, dignified procession made up of men and women, representing many, if possible all, of the warring countries, as well as the neutral countries. Funeral marches of Beethoven, Chopin and Handel will be played. The procession will move to a given point on Boston Common, where addresses will be made by prominent men and women. There will be a sincere attempt to lift the demonstration above all partisan or nationalistic lines. It will be an expression of deep emotions of pity and compassion. The bitterest partisan can but pour out unmeasured sympathy for the non-combatants and the innocent men in the rank and file who have suffered so cruelly. We will watch with interest the development of this plan. We hope many other cities will follow the lead of Boston and that the grim anniversary will be celebrated in such a way as to reach the hearts of crown-wearers and sword-bearers who are jointly responsible for this most un-godly holocaust.

"Four Weeks in the Trenches"

Fritz Kreisler is renowned the world over among musicians as a violinist of great skill. It was a shock to art lovers to think of this Master of the Bow wallowing in the trenches as a lieutenant in an Austrian Regiment. But his little book of less than a hundred pages, published by the Houghton, Mifflin Company, plays upon the heartstrings as the master of the violin never could with his bow. The book is a literary master-piece, not because the author has mastered the

sentence or has become an expert in rhetoric but because in the high art of unconscious frankness he tells the awful story of war in brief. Like the scales of the Agassiz fish, it tells the story of genus and specie to the wise.

This violinist found himself suddenly in the place assigned to him in his regiment, the commanding officer of fifty men, among whom was a famous sculptor, a well-known philologist, two university professors, a Prince and a civil engineer; here was a painter, a singer of repute, a banker and a post official of high rank. But nobody seemed to care for these titles or talents. Here is at least one blessed fruit of war. He writes: "A great cloak of brotherhood seemed to have enveloped everybody and everything, even difference in military rank was not so obvious, for the officers made friends of their men and in turn were worshipped by them."

Another lesson. The democracy of the camp brought forth unexpected resources. This Lieutenant was surprised to find that "the comparatively weaker and more refined city-bred people who had done little physical work in their lives, most of them being professional men, withstood hardships better than the sturdy, and, to all appearances, stronger peasants. . . . . The city-bred people, in consequence of their better surroundings and by reason of their education, had more will power and nervous strength than the peasants."

Another startling, if not gruesome, surprise came in the revelation of how promptly the luxury, culture and refinement of centuries drop away and the primeval man, "nearing the cave-dweller" comes to the front. This artist by temperament, training and habit, spent twenty-one days without taking off his clothes, slept on wet grass, in mud, in swamps with nothing but his cape to cover him. He was now drenched by torrential rains, waiting for the sun to dry him out again. He was without a toothbrush. He ate with his hands, without even a thought of the ludicrous extension of the same with knife and fork. But though thus reduced to the simplest terms the man is still a gentleman, and what is more there is an imperishable element of the gentleman in all of them. Russians and Austrians joked across the lines and after three days' fighting "there was an extraordinary lack of hatred. In fact, it is astonishing how little actual hatred exists between fighting men.

Here follow stories incredible to civilians but entirely credible to anyone who has been in the "trenches" and knows the life of siege and charge, as the writer of this note does. A giant red-haired Russian persisting in exposing himself, at last jumps out of the trench shouting wildly, waving his cap. His good humored jollity and bravado appealed to the "Boys" in the Austrian file and none attempted to shoot at such a splendid target. At length an Austrian not to be outdone, jumped out of the trench and presented himself in full sunlight. No one shot on either side. All fighting suddenly ceased and these two men gesticulated wildly at each other, with "come nearer" gestures. They are almost within hand reach. The Russians urge their man with shouts and laughter. He makes a jump forward. The Austrians urge their man until at last they nearly touch each other. They had left their rifles behind. Was it going to be a battle of fists, a test of strength? No, the big Russian held out his hand. There was a package of tobacco in it. The Austrian seized it and offered in exchange a long Austrian cigar, which was ceremonially presented.

"It was indeed a funny sight to see the small, wiry, lean Austrian talking in exaggerated terms of politeness to the blond Russian giant, who listened gravely and attentively, as if he understood every word."

By this time all thoughts of fighting had been forgotten. The unofficial truce lasted twenty minutes and succeeded in restoring more good humor and joy of life among soldiers than a train load of provisions would have done. This might be called a truce of good nature, bound souls escaping the gyves of patriotism, forgetting the tyranny of "Fatherland."

But next comes the same truce from the pathetic hungerland which always abides somewhere along the line of an army with the most efficient comissariat. From half a mile east of his position, this accomplished violinist was hurriedly called to serve as an interpreter to two Russian officers who could speak only broken French. These two officials came under a flag of truce to say to their supposed "enemies" that their men in that neglected point had had no food for two days, were actually on the point of starvation. Without authority from headquarters they had taken the bull by the horns and had brought with them a little barrel of water and a supply of tobacco, begging in exchange some provisions. The Austrian Major in command was at first undecided but real chivalry asserted itself, the emaciated faces of their guests testified to the truthfulness of the story. Those two were so exhausted and on the verge of collapse. Of course it was humanity in the presence of human suffering, not well fed "Austrians" in the presence of starving "Russians." Messengers went flying through the trenches making a collection of food. Officers scrambled over each other in their contest of reducing their supper in the interest of their guests and they were seated, and feasted on canned beef, cheese, biscuit and slices of salami (What is that?). The proud contribution of our fiddling Lieutenant consisted of "two tablets of chocolate, part of a precious reserve for extreme cases." Let the blatant patriot who is so sure that his flag is the hope of civilization,

his people "the chosen of the Lord," his country the land of destiny, read this paragraph:

"It was a strange sight to see these two Russians in an Austrian trench, surrounded by cordiality and tender solicitude. The big brotherhood of humanity had for the time enveloped friend and foe, stamping out all hatred and racial differences. It is wonderful how the most tender flowers of civilization can go hand in hand with the most brutal atrocities of grim modern warfare."

Later in the fight the Austrians were down and the Russians were up. A crased Austrian exposed himself above the trench but the Russians realizing that it was an insane man, never fired at him, neither did they at the two men who jumped out to draw him back.

There came an Austrian retreat, a crushing pain in the shoulder, struck by the hoof of a horse, a sharp knife-like pain in the right thigh. "I fired with my revolver at the hazy figure above me, saw it topple over and then lost consciousness."

Then came hospital, invalidism, the "discharge of the unfit," exemption from further service.

"My military experience ended there, and with deep regret I bade good-bye to my loyal brother officers, comrades, and faithful orderly, and discarded my well-beloved uniform for the nondescript garb of the civilian, grateful that I had been permitted to be of any, if ever so little, service to my Fatherland."

Yes, it is ever the *Fatherland!* FATHERLAND! FATHERLAND!!! Now it is Austrian, anon English, now Prussian, then Russian. And it is the same poor, petty reward, the reward of the uniform lover, "I have been able to do something for my Fatherland." Who will furnish us a better word, free the blessed word "father" from the ignominious boundaries of camp and kingdom, of language and tradition. Is there a "Motherland" that will reach from Petrograd to Berlin, from London to Vienna, from Paris to Constantinople? Is there not inclusiveness enough in the mother word to represent the mother, of the families, exemplified in this artless narrative of the Austrian fiddler? Or, if "motherland" is still too feminine, which under the curse of the militant man has given rise to the wretched etymological libel in the word "effeminate," and if "Fatherland" strikes such unholy boundaries, let poet and musician, statesman and philanthropist, man of prayer and man of science, teach us to use the word of the higher patriotism, of International Brotherhood, which includes all those who live and are willing to die for the

"ALL-FATHERLAND."

CINDERELLA.

Bouncing Bet and Black-Eyed Susan
Tried to squeeze Wild Rose's shoes on;
But each found 't would pinch and nip her,
That dear little Lady's Slipper.

—*Abbie Farwell Brown.*

From "A Pocketful of Posies."

THE PULPIT

The Church and the Lodge

Sermon Preached by the Rev. E. A. Coil, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Marietta, O., and Worshipful Master of American Union Lodge No. 1, F. & A. M., on Sunday June 27, 1915, on which Occasion American Union Lodge and Other Masonic Brethren Attended in a Body

TEXT: *If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?*

1st Cor., xiv:8.

Constituted at Roxbury, Massachusetts, in the midst of the great political and military upheaval which finally resulted in the independence of the English colonies in America, closely identified with the Revolutionary War, and with the opening up of the great Northwest Territory, American Union Lodge has a worthy history, some of which I should enjoy relating to you today; but I deem it of more importance to speak, somewhat specifically, of the religious genius of Masonry, and of the relation of the Church and the Lodge.

As to the religious genius of Masonry, and its relation to the church, there is a good deal of confusion of thought. The trumpet is not giving a very clear and convincing sound, and many hesitate as to the proper course to pursue, or fall into certain inconsistencies which, in their sincerity of purpose, and earnest desire to do the best things for all concerned, they do not clearly discern. This confusion of thought and endeavor has been a good deal intensified because of the fact that the church itself is now in transit from old positions, long maintained, to new ones not, in all cases, clearly defined. The general condition involves both church men and Masons in a grave responsibility from which they should not shirk, because upon the issue depends much in the way of righteousness, peace and happiness for the world.

That there is much confusion of thought in the religious sphere at the present time is apparent to all close observers. Hearts, in doubt as to the eternal verities, are aching, and more will ache before the atmosphere is cleared and the trumpet sounds the notes of truth in such a manner as to make their deep significance clear to all. This is no time for hesitation. Universal interests are at stake, and we should follow the worthy example of those who have gone before us.

Our Masonic fathers knew that in engaging in war would cause much sorrow to many people, result in wrecked or saddened homes and much loss of life. They could not, however, then see any other way whereby to serve the interests of liberty and justice, and they therefore solemnly assumed their military tasks. And in the crisis now upon us there appears no way whereby we can serve the interests of truth and righteousness except to speak plainly yet considerately in an endeavor to get the facts before the people for their consideration. To the end that the trumpet may give a clearly defined and inspiring sound, we should manifest a zeal and courage that will prove us worthy successors of those who bravely championed Masonic principles back in the days when

it required far more resolution to be a Mason than it does now.

"Religion is the greatest fact of history." It is as universal and permanent as are the over brooding spirit of God on the one hand and man's endeavors on the other, to discern the cause and reason for his being, his relations, duties and destiny. No matter in what form it develops, religion lies at the very base of all individual and social endeavor, and constitutes a source of perpetual inspiration to whatever is achieved. Even if Masons had desired to ignore, in their organic life, a fact so universal, and so closely related to the life of mankind as is religion, it would have been practically impossible for them to have done so. They did not, however, so desire. It is not a matter of accident that Masonry is "so far interwoven with religion as to lay us under obligation to pay that rational homage to the Deity which constitutes at once our duty and our happiness. It leads the contemplative to view with reverence and admiration the marvelous works of creation, and inspires the most exalted ideas of the perfection of his Divine Creator."

But while Masonry is a religious institution in that it is reverently theistic, insisting upon recognition of the great Master of the universe to whom all will ultimately have to give account, opening and closing its lodges with prayer, it is not a dogmatic institution. This is why many people have suspected it of being a non-religious or anti-religious organization. It erects no dogmatic tests of fellowship upon which it insists as a condition of membership in the order. Teaching that all men, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, are all children of one Almighty Parent, Masonry seeks to unite men of every country, sect and opinion, and to promote true friendship among those who might otherwise remain perpetually separated.

This ancient and honorable institution has so much respect for all forms of religion, and for the reverent and conscientious endeavors of all worthy men to harmonize their lives with the purpose of the Infinite, that it cheerfully recognizes as the book of the law, in any lodge, "that volume which, by the religion of the country is believed to contain the revealed will of the Grand Architect of the Universe." Seeing that they have all sprung from the same source, that is, from human nature endowed with divine principles and spiritual inspiration by the overbrooding and penetrating spirit of God, Masonry discerns a true brotherhood or vital relationship of all forms of religion just as real as is the brotherhood of man. It agrees with Dr. R. Heber Newton, who said in the *Hibbert Journal* for January, 1906: "The astonishing parallelisms between the great religions of earth prove to be no mere accidents, no cribbings from Moses by Plato, no benevolent assimilation of Buddhism by Christianity. Religions apparently the most widely separated one from another, prove to have each its own sacred book, its own sacred institutions, its own body of belief. And these, however varied, are seen to be moving along one line of natural evolution toward one and the same ethical and spiritual goal."

Recognizing this relationship or brotherhood of the different forms of religion, and desiring to give just consideration to the noble principles they hold in common, Masonry seeks to bring about mutual respect, mutual helpfulness and peace among the devotees of all known forms of faith. It admits men of every creed within its hospitable bosom, accepting them upon their character as men and not upon the peculiar form of religion which they profess. In this particular most of our great modern fraternities are wisely following Masonry's lead.

It is but natural that the comprehensiveness of Masonry should seem, to people trained in and wedded to some ceremonial or dogmatic form of religion, an impossible position to take. However, to those who clearly discern that the ethical and spiritual elements are of transcendent importance in religion, and who believe that character determines destiny, it is seen to be not only a possible position, but the most reasonable and satisfying one to occupy.

It is not religion in its purity, the essence of which is love to God, and love to man, and the fruits thereof, but the ceremonials and dogmas with which true religion has been burdened and obscured that have divided humanity up into sects often more characterized by hatred than by love for each other. A brief historical summary may help us to a better understanding of the wise position Masonry has taken upon this great issue.

It does not require a very careful study of Jewish and Christian history to see what results when a ceremonial or dogmatic form of religion is pushed to the extreme, and ceremonies or dogmas are resolved into conditions of fellowship, and looked upon as essential to salvation. A very little knowledge of the spirit and utterances of the old Jewish prophets enables one to discern that they were moved to protest vigorously against ceremonialism, because men were so inclined to reason that they were justified before God, regardless of conduct, on the ground that sacrifices of the prescribed number and character had been offered, and other ritualistic requirements met. It was to those who so reasoned that Amos the prophet spoke thus: "O, ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail, saying, when will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath that we may set forth wheat? making the epha small and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances with deceit; that we may buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes, yea and sell the refuse of the land. The Lord hath sworn by the excellency of Jacob. Surely I will never forget any of their works." And Micah, too, had in mind those who were perverting religion by resolving it into a mere form when he asked: "Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" And this is his answer to these pertinent questions: "He hath shown thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." You see he is attempting to shift the emphasis from ceremonialism and place it upon sincerity and uprightness in daily life where it rightly belongs.

John the Baptist, patron saint whom we honor today, reaffirmed the principles proclaimed by the older Jewish prophets, and emphatically declared that repentance and the bringing forth of good fruit in daily

life were the essentials of true religion. Jesus of Nazareth, who came after John, did not hesitate to arraign, in the most severe terms, those who were careful of the payment of tithes, washing of cups and platters, offering of sacrifices and other ceremonial requirements, but who were, at the same time, robbers of widows and orphans. He declared that the essence of true religion is not ceremony, but love to God and humanity, and the fruits springing naturally out of such love.

These mighty men of God were all endeavoring to show the importance of character and conduct as against ceremonial observances, and to move those of their day and generation to live lives of love, reverence and service. Theirs was an age of transition. The trumpet did not give a certain sound, and many people were, ethically and spiritually, more or less confused. Some contended for the old ceremonial form of religion as it had been taught them, some for a modification of it, and some were disposed to abandon it entirely.

Notwithstanding the clear words of John and Jesus setting forth the fact that religion in its purity consists in a daily life of love, reverence and service, many of their followers finally departed from their plain but noble teaching and accepted a dogmatic form of religion that became just as extreme and unreasonable as was the ceremonialism against which terrific prophetic denunciations had been hurled. As emphasis had been laid upon ceremony by many of the Jews, so it came to be laid upon dogma by many of those calling themselves Christian. The cry came to be: "Believe ,and be saved." Great creeds, many of them now historic, were formulated, resolved into tests of fellowship, and Christendom was split up into contending factions because of differences in belief. No matter how noble a man's life, the rule came to be that, in order to secure fellowship in any one of the Christian sects, he had to accept and agree to uphold its peculiar doctrine.

The conclusions that grew out of the extreme dogmatism of Christendom are somewhat amazing, and yet they have been accepted by many sincere and devoted people. If men are saved because they believe certain dogmas, then it logically follows that one of questionable character might be given abundant admittance into heaven, and another whose life conformed to the two great commandments and the Golden Rule be rejected. Strictly interpreted the dogmatic form of religion cuts all ground for hope of future happiness from under such a man as Abraham Lincoln, but gives assurance to a Henry VIII.

Of course I am aware that the dogmatic form of religion is not strictly interpreted now as it was a generation or two ago; but it is still a great force in the religious world. Dogmatic tests of fellowship are still insisted upon so strenuously as to lead many people into curious and inconsistent practices. As illustrations of this fact, I submit the following incidents over which it may be profitable for you to mediate.

Some years ago I was called upon to conduct the funeral service of a man whose life had been most commendable, but who never made any public profession as to religion. At the time of the funeral his wife related to me in detail many of the noble characteristics of her husband, and confidently expressed the belief that God cared for and approved just such a life as he had lived. Had I then said to her: "No, your husband never made any public profession of religion such as is required by the prevailing creeds of Christendom, and he is therefore lost," she would have been shocked beyond the power of expression. Yet, some months afterward, in order to secure certain relationship and strengthen friendship, she united with a church which required her to assent to certain dogmas the clear logic of which is that her husband has gone to everlasting perdition. I do not think she ever realized the true import of the step she took because she was actuated by her emotions rather than by careful reasoning upon the subject. Many people unwittingly fall into precisely the same inconsistency. I have known children, who would protest vigorously if the character of their parents was assailed, who have, in order to gratify their emotions or establish certain relationships, subscribed to creeds the logic of which is that those parents are forever subject to the condemnation of God, and doomed to endless suffering in the regions of the lost. Lodges, sometimes fall into precisely the same inconsistency.

Some months ago, I attended an open lodge meeting. A kindly disposed and very capable Jew, recognized because of his abiding interest in humanitarian work, had been given a place on the program. The meeting was opened with prayer. The clergyman officiating so formulated his prayer as clearly to imply that only those calling themselves Christians are given God's approval in this world, and reason to hope for happiness in the future. After the meeting was over I asked the chief officer of that lodge what he thought of the propriety of inviting a man to participate in a meeting, and then allowing utterances upon the platform the clear implication of which was that he was an offense to God and on his way to perdition. He looked at me in astonishment, for a moment, and then said: "I never thought of that inconsistency before." And this is one of the sources of confusion at the present time. People get so accustomed to certain phraseology that they do not stop to consider the stern logic of it, and so drop into positions that would be ludicrous if they were not so mischievous and pathetic. That is why it so often happens that, in the lodge, men fellowship as brethren other men who are, according to creeds accepted in the church, subjects of God's wrath and condemnation. But men are beginning to think upon these subjects with an intensity and earnestness that indicate a coming change, far reaching and radical in its effects. The trumpet is even now sounding with increasing strength and clearness this note: "We are all children of one Almighty Parent to whom a pure heart is the most acceptable sacrifice, and who pervades the inmost recesses of the soul, and will at last reward every man according to his merits."

Just as Amos and Micah, John and Jesus recognized the failure of the ceremonial form of religion, so thoughtful, reverent minded and courageous men are now recognizing the failure of the dogmatic form. This failure is being manifested in the facts that it is not always the man who most earnestly says: "I believe" whose character most favorably commends him to those who know him best, and that the dogmatic structure itself is breaking down.

In the editorial preface to Professor Arthur C. Mc-

Giffert's book entitled The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas, James M. Whiton says of the work of the old divines: "That the systematic theology framed by these has hopelessly broken down in the collapse of the ancient conceptions of God, of Nature, of the Bible, and of Man, which molded and sustained it, is now frankly confessed in the chief seats of theological instruction." In the body of that book, Professor McGiffert, who occupies the chair of Church History in Union Theological Seminary, says: "Had the church in the beginning frankly recognized that the Bible and the fathers teach an antiquated world view, and frankly put itself on the side of scientific observation and experiment, the whole religious situation, both Catholic and Protestant, would be today far other than it is." And in his illuminating book entitled The Enlarging Conception of God, Professor Herbert A. Yontz, professor of Christian Theology in Auburn Theological Seminary, tells us plainly that theology and religion must not be treated as identical. The one is a life of reverence, love and service, possible to men who differ widely in their beliefs, while the other is a system of thought more or less speculative in its character. It all amounts to this. The dogmatic form of religion, insistent upon uniformity of belief, has erected racks, dungeons and stakes, and resorted to many other forms of persecution in its endeavors to secure and maintain that uniformity of belief upon which it insisted, and now we are told that the whole dogmatic structure has itself broken down because found to be at variance with the abiding facts of the universe. Furthermore we are told that even if the dogmatic structure had not broken down, it should not be treated as identical with religion. In these facts there is an enduring warning to those disposed to assume the prerogatives of infallibility, and to resort to force to compel acceptance of their decrees.

It is evident to all careful observers of current events that the situation created by the breaking down of "systematic theology" is a very serious one. Many church liturgies, much of our hymnology, and a great deal of our literature, as well as the great creeds of Christendom were founded upon dogmas now shown to be at variance with the facts of the universe, and therefore readjustments at many points are made necessary. The time is at hand when parents, if properly interested in the religious training of their children, will have to decide whether those children are to be taught hymns and liturgies and creeds that do not comport with the real facts of Nature and Man, as now understood, or whether they are not. This means a heavy tax upon the emotions because much of the liturgy and many of the hymns, founded upon dogmas now outgrown, have become very dear to many people, and to give them up will seem very like giving up religion itself. The battle between sentiment and judgment is likely to be prolonged and severe. A great many, realizing this, say: "Let us keep the good old hymns, liturgies and creeds, but breathe into them the modern spirit, and endow them with modern thought." To attempt that, however, will only add to the widespread confusion already existing, and delay the coming of that day when the trumpet will give a certain sound, and all will prepare for the great ethical and spiritual battle the winning of which means the establishment of righteousness and peace throughout all the world. To follow that course would be as if the patriots of our revolutionary war had said, after the ratification of the treaty of 1783: "We will preserve the monarchial forms of administration, and teach our children all the English patriotic songs, but interpret them in terms of republicanism." You can readily see how such a course would have resulted in an increase of confusion, and how inconsistent it would have been in them to attempt to pursue it.

People may refuse to see or admit it; but the facts are that a theological revolution as great and as radical as was the political revolution that took place in this country in the last quarter of the eighteenth century has taken place, and that a general readjustment has got to be made. In his book entitled The Church and the Changing Order, Dr. Shailer Mathews, professor of Historical and Comparative Theology in the University of Chicago, says: "The greatest formative principle in the world of thought today is biology. And biology means evolution." Granting that, we are forced to grant that the ground has been absolutely cut from under many of the chief conceptions of God, Nature, the Bible and Man that are embodied in the historic creeds, and in much of the hymnology and many of the liturgies of Christendom. Granting that Dr. Mathews is right as to evolution, we are forced to surrender the old theory of Man as created perfect and falling into total depravity, and the whole scheme of salvation built upon it. There is no evading this issue. The crisis now at hand is as great, and the transition now taking place as momentous as were those that characterized the days of John the Baptist. To be indifferent to the situation, or to trifle with it would be to prove ourselves either fools or knaves. The church is now standing at the parting of the ways, and it will soon be compelled to choose openly and frankly between the old dogmatic form of religion now being discredited by both science and literary criticism, and a high ethical and spiritual form that cheerfully recognizes the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of Man, and which endorses all the truths of all scriptures, and honors the real prophets of all ages and all nations.

The relation of Masonry to this crisis is both interesting and encouraging. Reverently theistic and practical, but not dogmatic, this great institution is now in position to render an invaluable service to the world. Dr. George E. Jackson, of Canton, this state, speaking recently in this city, said: "Faith is going to be interpreted to us, not in terms of creeds and confessions, but in terms of character and conduct." I feel sure that Dr. Jackson is right, and the principle which he so clearly states is one for which Masonry has resolutely stood for many years. On that principle it receives into its fellowship representatives of all forms of religion, looking always to the character and conduct rather than to the particular form of faith professed by those seeking admittance into its ranks. It has respect for a noble life no matter whether the man living it calls himself Brahmin, Buddhist, Confucian, Christian, Jew or by any other distinguishing religious name. It also teaches very clearly that even though our thoughts, words and actions may be hidden from the eyes of men that God pervades the inmost recesses of the heart, interprets thoughts and motives and that he will reward us all according to our merits.

Masonry accords to a man the right to get his in-

spiration to a noble life from Moses, Buddha, Confucius, Krishna, Jesus or any other one or more of the great religious masters. If there are developed in his life those qualities that make him a worthy man and helpful citizen, no matter what the source of his inspiration, Masonry gladly welcomes him into the imperfect lodge here below, helps him and receives help from him, assuring him that at the close of life on earth he will, if found worthy, be admitted into that all perfect, glorious and celestial lodge above where the Supreme Architect of the universe, and Father of all mankind, presides. The following incident illustrates the breadth and comprehensiveness of the Masonic order.

A short time ago, I sat in a Masonic lodge in one of our large cities. At a certain point in the proceedings a capable and noble hearted Jew arose, called attention to certain pressing needs on the part of people in the city who were not able to help themselves, made an earnest plea for generosity on the part of the lodge, and moved that steps be taken at once looking toward supplying the needed relief. His motion was immediately seconded by a Christian minister, member of that lodge, who made an eloquent appeal in support of the motion then being considered. At the proper time the motion was put and enthusiastically carried. Now this is the point I wish to make clear to you. If insuring ourselves the favor of God here, and happiness in the future, depends upon acceptance of some ceremonial or dogmatic form of religion then one or the other of those two men cannot be a recipient of God's favor now, and has no sufficient ground on which to base hope for happiness in the future. If, however, it is true, as I verily believe it is, and as Masonry teaches, that God looks into the hearts of all men, and rewards them according to their merits, then that Jew and that Christian, one receiving his great inspiration from Moses and the prophets, the other receiving his from Jesus and the apostles will both be granted rich rewards. The principle of rewarding men according to their merits is, I believe, universally operative, and that is why I will not, either as a mason or a churchman, take a position, or subscribe to a creed, the logic of which is that good men, who do not agree with me in certain ceremonial practices or dogmatic beliefs, are therefore deprived of the favor of God. I believe the Masonic principle is right, and that it will ultimately win a complete triumph over the old ceremonial and dogmatic forms of faith.

Strenuous and, in some cases, more or less sensational efforts are now being made in certain quarters to maintain the old order. Some who are participating in those efforts make vigorous assaults upon scientists and Biblical critics, seeming to think that if they can be overcome the old order will stand secure. They do not seem to realize that the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, the principle of rewards or penalties in absolute keeping with one's deserts, have been embodied in the rituals and practices, not only of Masonry, but of nearly all of our great modern fraternal orders. To maintain the old order, those rituals will have to be revised and brought into harmony with it, and the practices of the great fraternities so modified as to put them upon a dogmatic basis instead of upon the ethical and spiritual basis upon which they now are. Present day currents of thought and sentiment do not indicate such a result. It seems far more likely that the church will accept the ethical and spiritual form of religion already accepted by most of the fraternities rather than that they will go back to the dogmatic form which was for a long time tenaciously held by the church. This consummation, so devoutly to be wished, so it seems to me, once effected, the trumpet will give a certain sound, and men everywhere will intelligently prepare themselves to battle for a faith universally interpreted in terms of character and conduct.

Now that the old ceremonials have been proven inadequate, and the foundation has been shattered under the dogmatic form of religion, a great reconstructive work needs to be done. In that important work a great opportunity presents itself; but it is an opportunity that carries with it tremendous responsibilities. If true to its professions as a builder, Masonry must assume its share of those responsibilities, and this is an opportune occasion to consider what course should be pursued.

In the first place those taught in the principles of Masonry should never forget that they are pledged to a reverent recognition of God, and to the exemplification of brotherly love, temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice, in all their relations with their fellow men; that they may receive instruction and inspiration from any of the great ethical and spiritual leaders of the world as they build their own moral and spiritual edifice, but that if they grow careless and drop out so much as the equivalent of a moral consonant that should be properly placed in the structure, they cannot escape the just consequences of their delinquency. It is a high standard that Masonry sets for its members, and it offers to none of them a way whereby to evade the legitimate fruits of their thoughts, words and acts. They are taught that they will reap exactly as they sow. The mason who forgets these things, and proves unworthy of the confidence imposed in him, merits the contempt of all good men, and sooner or later, conscious of and confessing his guilt, he will be arraigned at the bar of eternal justice and dealt with according to the imprecations from his own mouth.

Then too in this age of transition from old positions no longer tenable, to new ones not yet clearly defined in the minds of many people, there should be unusual care in the training of the young. In order that they may train the young properly, the elders must first properly train themselves. The time has past when a father, especially if he is a mason, should even think of trying to justify himself as to the moral and spiritual training of his children on the ground that he sends them to Sunday school and church. Not until he assures himself that they are being taught principles that will stand the test of all scientific investigations, and literary criticism, should he feel that his whole duty has been done and be content. If there are Masons who, for reasons that seem to them sufficient, do not care to identify themselves with any Sunday school or church that they may the better prepare themselves to meet the great parental responsibilities resting upon them, then they should, at convenient times, meet in the lodge or elsewhere, for such study and preparation. To avoid or shift this responsibility is to prove recreant to one of the greatest trusts ever imposed in man.

Recognizing merit in all forms of religion, Masons, above all other men, should know just what those merits are, and be able, whenever occasion requires, to give a good reason for their comprehensive faith. Accepting as the book of law in any lodge, that volume upon which the people of any given country look as containing the revealed will of the Grand Master of the universe, Masons should have some knowledge of the contents of all such books. That the sacred book of ancient Egypt, written before Moses was born, contains the substance of the Ten Commandments, that Confucius gave China the Golden Rule hundreds of years before the Christian era began, that Krishna is said to have been incarnated, not only once, but many times in his efforts to free the world from sin and bring all mankind into a happy estate, that Buddha taught the brotherhood of man, and many other like interesting things, embodied in the sacred books and traditions of different ages and lands, should be well known to all Masonic brethren. Just why it is consistent with the religious genius of Masonry to sing such a broad and comprehensive hymn as Nearer My God to Thee in a lodge or at a Masonic service, and why it is not consistent with that genius to sing such a hymn as Rock of Ages, a hymn clearly implying such a restricted condition of salvation as to be entirely out of harmony with Masonry, should be fully understood by all members of an organization that welcomes representatives of all forms of faith into its fellowship. Unless these things are understood, the trumpet will continue to give an uncertain sound, and many well meaning people will remain in a confused state of mind. Masons should cheerfully assume, as a part of their duty to the world, the very commendable task of helping to clear the moral and spiritual skies of whatever may be there as an obstruction to moral and spiritual vision.

Masonry is not merely a pleasant social organization as some seem to think. It is an institution within which there is incarnated a religious spirit and genius, loyalty to which means a fervent and upright humanity, the enjoyment of that happiness consequent upon well spent lives, and assurance of a glorious immortality. But to enjoy that happiness, and possess the inspiration of that hope, Masonry teaches that men must live lives such as will bear that kind of fruit. It joyously points to the Acacia, emblem of immortality; but warns those tempted to a wayward life that the emblem of their immortality may, if they prove recreant to their trust, become a sure waymark whereby guilt will be discovered and brought to the bar of eternal justice. Brethren, our opportunities are so glorious; but our responsibilities so great, that we ought, figuratively speaking, approach the great problems and work of life on our knees.

As to American Union Lodge, it has an honorable history. Those who constituted it were ready to lay down their lives for the principles of liberty, equality and justice. To prove ourselves worthy successors of such noble exemplars of great principles, we must, with all other good Masons, take our place in the front ranks of forward moving humanity, and be willing, in this day of great thought revolutions, to do much and dare much to the end that the ethical and spiritual trumpet may give forth clear and intelligible notes. In this way, and in this way alone can we discharge our debt to the past, and help to move the world to live that life of reverence, love and service which if all men lived the kingdom of righteousness, peace and joy would even now be here. The work and responsibility are great, and dangers may beset you by the way; but knowing your faith is in God, I give you this as a final injunction. Arise, and, in your fidelity to Masonic principles, follow the worthy example of our ancient operative Grand Master, allowing nothing to swerve you from the path of known duty, and all will be well.

AN ODE TO FREEDOM

(By Edwin Markham, author of "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems." Read at Independence Day celebration, July 5, 1915, Panama Pacific Exposition.)

Here in the forest now,
As on that old July
When first our conscript fathers took the vow,
The bluebird, stained with earth and sky,
Shouts from a blowing bough
In green aerial freedom, wild and high.
And now, as then, the bobolink,
Out on the uncertain brink
Of the swaying alder, swings,
Loosing his song out, link by golden link;
While over the wood his proclamation rings,
A daring boast that would unkingdom kings!

Even so the wild birds sang on bough and wall
That day the Bell of Independence Hall
Thundered around the world the Word of Man,
That day when Liberty began
And mighty hopes were blown on every sea.
But Freedom calls her conscripts now as then—
Calls for heroic men:
It is an endless battle to be free.

As the old dangers lessen from the skies,
New dangers rise.
Down the long centuries to be,
Again, again, will rise Thermopylæ—
Again, again, a new Leonidas
Will hold for God the imperiled Pass.
As the long ages run
New Lexington will rise on Lexington;
And many a Warren fall
Upon the endangered wall.

Yet the black smoke of battle, it will pass—
Sometime, sometime—like vapor from glass.
There will be rest for all the weary flags,
And rest for bugles on the battle crags.
Still there will be no rest for man's strong soul
Before him shines an ever-flying goal.
Still must he seek for freedom evermore:
No halt for any soul on any shore.
Man is the conscript of an endless quest,
A long divine adventure without rest.
Each hard-earned freedom withers to a bond:
Freedom forever is beyond—beyond!

—*The Commoner.*

THE ECSTASY OF GROWTH

Nature is incomplete. She leaves to man
The clamor for an end determinate.
And while, with happy patience, early, late,
Life she repeats, even as it first began—
Too wise to ask from God a final prize,
Knowing in growth continued rapture lies!

—*Clinton Dangerfield.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson
and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXV.
The Jerusalem Beginnings of the New Testament

"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him."

Acts x:34-35.

I see beyond all doubt that God does not show partiality, but that in every nation he who reverences him and does what is right, is acceptable to him.

—Twentieth Century.

The story of the beginning of Christianity told in the first twelve chapters of Acts, ought to bring out with reasonable clearness the whole problem of the growth of the New Testament. The nineteen hundred years of history since that early record was made are black with bigotry, narrowness and persecution. But they also have their white record. This something we call Christianity is what tamed Goth, Teuton and Celt. It is what settled Europe in the same sense that the Forty-niners and fathers before them, settled California, supplanting wigwams with homes that became palaces on the one hand and capitols on the other. Admitting the whole pitiable record of inquisitions, tortures, and other expressions of superstition of the nineteen hundred years did hold something that tamed wild men, felled forests, drained marshes, built houses and established more or less organized governments. This compelling something finds its center and circumferences in our Bible, in the Old Testament as well as the New, for in the make up of Christianity the Psalms hold a place along side the Sermon on the Mount. We are beginning to comprehend that the movement which did start nineteen hundred years ago had two focal personalities at its inception. One of them we call Jesus and the other Paul.

In the letters of Paul already studied, we have the first record of conditions and events on the Northern and Eastern shores of the Mediterreanean. These earlier letters of Paul came about the fifth decade of the first century, twenty or more years after the death of Jesus. Thirty or forty years later we have the group of four biographical sketches, forming the Gospel part of the story. The Book of Acts is our first deliberate attempt at history of what happened in the first century of this movement.

There is every reason to believe that the writer was the same man who wrote the so-called Gospel of Luke. No writings mention Luke as their author until about 175 A. D. the date of the Muratorian Canon, made by some holy monks for missionary purposes. We read, however, of Paul's companion named Luke, a Greek, whom he loved, one who traveled with him to Rome and disappears when Paul disappeared, possibly under the Neroan persecution. The four passages in the Book of Acts that drop into the first person plural, "we" suggested to the writers who ascribed the possible authorship of Luke, that these passages must have been written by a companion of Paul. The theory is that the writer had before him this diary from which he quoted without quotation marks, paragraphing and punctuation being unused at that time. The "diary" was kept by some companion of Paul, but it does not follow that the diarist was the author of the Third Gospel and the Book of the Acts of the Apostles. We have more authoritative material in the authentic letters of Paul, written thirty years before the Book of Acts. But while a document of uncertain authorship, it is of great worth. It tells a continuous story. We may compare it with Thucydides, or with some of our own early historical books. Paul's speeches could not have been taken down verbatim, they were written for him. The Book of Acts is a book of speeches, eighteen ascribed to Peter and thirty to Paul. It is full of Greek oratory put into the mouths of the proper persons by the historians. The first martyr, Stephen, is furnished with a splendid speech, full of quotations, a defence made on high lines. But that it is an exact transcript of the speech made by Stephen in the presence of an infuriated mob does not follow.

This little book of contemporary history may be outlined as follows:

I. Chapters I to VIII. Story of the career of the early Church of Jerusalem.

II. Chapter VIII to XI: 18. The spread of the early movement into Judea and Samaria.

III. Chapter XI: 19 to XII:25. Spread of Christianity into Phoenicia, Cyprus and Antioch.

IV. Chapter XIII to XV: 35. First missionary journey of Paul with Barnabas as a companion.

V. Chapter XV: 36 to XVIII: 22. Second missionary journey of Paul with Silas as a companion.

VI. Chapter XVIII:23 to XXI:16. Paul's third missionary journey.

VII. Chapter XXI: 17 to end of the book. Account of Paul's arrest at Jerusalem, imprisonment at Caesarea and voyage to Rome, where it abruptly ends.

We first come on the little band choosing Matthias to fill the vacancy caused by the defection of Judas. Then the problem comes as to who is eligible for membership in this new fraternity. The writer of the book tried to win Peter over to universalism, but, according to Paul, Peter, who stood for the Judaic-Christian movement desired the message delivered from Jews to Jews. Paul the universalist, believed the whole world to be eligible.

The second great problem for the little band in Jerusalem was their duties to the sick and poor. The first "associated charity" movement we know of in Christendom was perfected right there in Jerusalem. Stephen was appointed "deacon" to distribute the charity, to superintend the social service side of the new movement. The first meeting that appointed deacons finds no line of demarcation from the last meeting of the United Charities of Chicago which elected the late lamented Chas. R. Henderson president. The same mistake was made in both cases. The elected had a higher work to do. Each should have been called upon to teach and construct and not

repair. Our Professor Henderson died a martyr to the cause as surely as did Stephen.

In these first chapters we find the communistic element. The twelve had a common purpose. They committed the common purse into the wrong hands. We have the story of Ananias and Sapphria, who received the death penalty not because they did not give their money, but because they lied about it. They have been lying about it ever since.

At this time politically Judea was going to pieces and before the infant movement was big enough to be recognized or named, in the year 70 A. D. Titus entered Jerusalem, devasted it and the Temple, and took it forevermore from the Jews.

In this earliest and nearest to contemporary history of the beginning of Christianity we see revealed the obligation felt toward the unfortunate, and the never ending problem of the limitations of fellowship. Is it Peter or Paul that is to conquer the centuries. The Catholic Church is one evidence to prove that Peter was triumphant, was scientific, was practical. He is the cornerstone. "On this rock *have* I built my church." For a thousand years Christianity remained practically undivided, unanimous with Peter as their patron saint.

Paul has had no world wide organization. We consider ourselves Pauline but we must wait perhaps another millennium before the heart of Christianity will become incorporate, and clearly demonstrate that the dearest thing about Christianity is its universality.

I. What has Christianity done for the world?
II. What are the reasons for ascribing the authorship of Acts to Luke?
III. Give outline of contents of Acts.
IV. What were some of the problems the early Christians had to solve?

"A Personal Reflection on the Cost of Living"

Mrs. N. S. Kendall (the wife of a professor at Yale) has written an article in the April *Atlantic Monthly,* with the above title, which deserves wide attention. She says it is the fruit of eighteen years of study.

Mrs. Kendall shows with almost painful lucidity the fear, which is so general, of a coming penury; and the *sin* of being comfortable when so many about us are perishing for the want of food, fire and raiment. She points out how, as the cost of living increases, this fear of poverty for ourselves or our families grows, and she contends that this evil apprehension is the "*cause* of this high cost of living."

Mrs. Kendall points out how from our earliest childhood we are taught to save, to put aside a portion of our money to meet the future wants of ourselves (or our dear ones), to make old age comfortable, and "to bury us when dead." And she maintains, with words that burn, that these fears lead to selfishness, these ideas, which dominate us, "give rise to high cost of living and are prohibitive of freedom, peace and joy." She contends that they are fatal to all true and generous living and that they create "the very situations that in their turn augment the deadly fear." And in conscience-smiting words she shows how "we sink down a little lower day by day in the struggling mass of human beings upon the ruin of whose physical and mental powers the social order rests."

That Mrs. Kendall has shown the evil, the *sin,* the selfishness of the ideas on which our modern civilization is built, what thoughtful man or woman can doubt? As to the way in which she would cure these infinite ills there may be many reasons for doubt or question.

She maintains that it is possible and *right* to take Christ's words literally (even in a cold climate and in modern conditions) to live like the lilies of the field, and the birds of the air, to sell all one has and to give to the poor ("winning an unseen treasure"), and to lend, not expecting any return. She implies and intensely believes that if we will feed the hungry (worthy or unworthy), clothe the naked, tend the sick, forgive the sinner (let the sin be what it will), there will be on the table for us a comfortable breakfast tomorrow, and *all* the tomorrow of our lives!

Now I am not a believer in the infallibility of Christ's words, nor can I think that he has revealed the ultimate truth, but there is *something* in his teachings, as interpreted by Mrs. Kendall, to which my mind and heart react with deep sympathy; and when she affirms that if we all did our work well in thought or hand, and developed wisely the resources of the generous earth, living a *simple,* kindly, trustful life, there would be no overworked or underfed people in the wide world, I am sure she is right. Nay, three hours work each day in *thought* and *hand* would supply all our physical necessities, and the rest of the day could be devoted to rest, play, beauty, reading, thought, music, meditation, prayer. But though I am not a socialist, I cannot believe with Mrs. Kendall that our material wants will be provided for without organization, some concerted action in thought and toil.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

A PASTEL

Gray of the sands and green of the reeds,
  Silver green, like a field afloat;—
Green of the water with tangled weeds;
  Green of the moss on the old gray boat.

Gray of the sand;—and the fisher's hut
  Leans as the gnarled beach cedars lean:—
How many years since your door was shut,
  Little gray hut with your thatch of green?

Even the gulls have passed you by,
  Hiding here in your veil of haze;—
Gray of the sand and gray of the sky,
  And one late rose in a crimson blaze.

Harper's Magazine. —*Margaret Lee Ashley.*

"All my life long," a thoughtful woman said, "my deepest education has come, not through schools or books or even work, but through my friends. I always know that this was so; I always counted my friends the richest treasure of my life; and yet, not once, but many times, I have passed for years, unseeing, friendships that I might have had. It has seemed impossible afterwards, that I could have let such beautiful things lie within my reach and not put out my hand to take them. Even now, through all the joy of them, it hurts to think of those years that I missed."

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER III

Tower Hill! A hill like a high tower; a point of elevation—of insight and vista. The spirit of the place speaks in the name. Physically Tower Hill is a crown point and rises above the quiet meadows and overlooks the ever-changing river. No sunbaked hill is this, but mantled in green and topped with pines and oaks. Here we find rest and more. "There is the peace of the silent hills—the shelter of the forest, the comfort of the grass—shadows of clouds that pass, and best of all along the way friendship and mirth."

To come to Tower Hill is indeed a crown point in one's experience. We learn here what a vacation may become of recreation and delight. Under the efficient leadership of Miss Howe we have been introduced to some of the fifty-six different birds upon the hill—and to some of the six thousand different varieties of fern life. Nor have the mushrooms escaped us; of course we have not been able to identify the thirty-five thousand kinds of these—but in a few of them we have found much of interest. When we remember that below the ferns in the plant world are the mosses, lichens, sea-weeds and above these same ferns are the pines, sedges, palms, trees and shrubs in countless numbers and manifold variety, we are impressed by the truth of Bacon's remark that the complexity of nature exceeds the subtility of man. Surely this amazing abundance and variety of life evoke the sense of wonder and awe.

Besides these interesting studies in nature we have had under the guidance of our leader, Mr. Jones, a renewed acquaintance with the Apostle Paul, that knight-errant of the spirit. More than ever have we been led to feel the greatness of the Apostle and his humanness, too. Paul was a modern man--a cosmopolitan—a missionary—a debater—a mystic. He was many men in one—but to realize the tremendous power and vitality of Paul he must be interpreted by a spirit kindred to his own. We have had a vital, illuminating interpretation of Paul upon Tower Hill—in a course worthy to be placed in any Divinity School.

With the going down of the sun the day does not end upon the Hill. The best is yet to be; in the evening readings from the poets—the great poets whose song has become a part of the gladness of the world and the minor poets, too. We are grateful for them all and glad to know that poetry is not passing from the world. We feel assured indeed as we read together by the evening lamp at Tower Hill from the late poems of Edwin Markham, W. H. Carruth, Henry Van Dyke and others. Among several late choice poems of Markham's there occurs the splendid one entitled "Outwitted," which alone would make the book worth while. While we have tried to become better acquainted with the new poets the old favorites have not been forgotten. We felt a little slighted that our leader did not take us with him on his recent wedding tour but we forgave him the other evening when he took us to the present Western Fair by way of readings from Walt Whitman. We commend Whitman's poem entitled "The Centennial of 1776," to whosoever wishes to make a visit to San Francisco while he enjoys the pleasures of home by the evening lamp. Selections from Browning, Emerson and Longfellow read aloud in different evenings of the week have reminded us of our debt to the past. To the poets of the present likewise we go for strength and courage in these days of stress, storm and war. If the older poets did much to add a touch of the heroic and chivalric to the battle-field, the poets now living with one accord unite to proclaim that "war is today the blackest curse." Among the present-day poets we meet with no heralding of special battles or victories by land or sea or air. We have but to remind ourselves of Vachel Lindsay's beautiful poem entitled "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight" or the "Survivor" by Dana Burnet, or "Stain Not the Sky" by Henry Van Dyke, to see that poetry belongs not merely to the past but is still a light to our guidance and inspiration. New notes have been added to the lyre of war poetry. The Voice of Woman is heard in Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "The Messenger," as well as in the poem entitled "Woman and War," the more hopeful and significant because written by a Captain in the United States Army, Mr. W. E. P. French. When women have more voice in the affairs of the world—and "when a man shall really stand by his mother" then the law of peace will be the law of nations. These are but a few of the late war poems read by Mr. Jones to the fortunate ones at the Tower Hill Summer School.

PAUL DANSINGBERG.

Tower Hill, August 1st, 1915.

THE PLEASURES OF FORTY

A life to be happy must be compounded in due degree of activity and pleasure, using the word in its best sense. There must be sufficient activity to take off the perilous and acrid humors of the mind which, left to themselves, poison the sources of life, and enough pleasure to make the prospect of life palatable.

The first necessity is to get rid, as life goes on, of all conventional pleasures. By the age of forty a man should know what he enjoys, and not continue doing things intended to be pleasurable, either because he deludes himself into thinking that he enjoys them, or because he likes others to think that he enjoys them. I know now that I do not care for casual country-house visiting, for dancing, for garden parties, for cricket matches, and many another form of social distraction, but that the pleasures that remain and grow are the pleasures derived from books, from the sights and sounds of nature, from sympathetic conversation, from music and from active physical exercise in the open air.

It is my belief that a man is happiest who is so far employed that he has to scheme to secure a certain share of such pleasures. My own life unhappily is so ordered that it is the other way—that I have to scheme to secure sufficient activities to make such pleasure wholesome. But I am stern with myself. At times when I find the zest of simple home pleasures deserting me, I have sufficient self-control deliberately to spend a week in London, which I detest, or to pay a duty-visit where I am so acutely and sharply bored by a dull society that I return with delicious enthusiasm to my own trivial round.

—*A. C. Benson.*

THE HAUNTING FACE

(On the Portrait of a Child Lost in the *Lusitania.*)

Dear boy of the seraphic face,
With brow of power and mouth of grace,
And deep, round eyes, set far apart,
So that the mind should match the heart!

Not Raffael's leaning cherub had
More beauty than this winsome lad,
Nor Andrea's little John more joy
Than dimpled in this darling boy.

What mother could so happy be
As not to covet such as he?
What childless passer could forego
The smiling of that Cupid's bow?

Here promise spoke in every curve;
The wit to see, the heart to serve;
In fine proportions here did reign
An open nature, sweet and sane.

What wonder fancy vied with hope
To read his radiant horoscope,
And find within his future deed
The rescue of some mighty need:—

A patriot to save the State;
A bard to take the sting from Fate;
A prophet men should know not of
To lift the fainting world by love!

Mourn those—and mourn not with
despair—
Who finds life's last adventure fair,
But let your treasured tears be spilled
For noble presage unfulfilled.

Mine fall unbidden as I look
Here upon Youth's unfinished book,
And with the loss my heart is torn
As Heaven had withdrawn the morn.

Ah, could I know why over me
His spirit has such potency,
Then might I know how love began
And stays, the mystery of Man.

Child of the future! Beauty's flower!
His gentle image should have power
The conscience of a realm to wring
And haunt the pillow of a King.

—*Robert Underwood Johnson.*
New York Evening Post.

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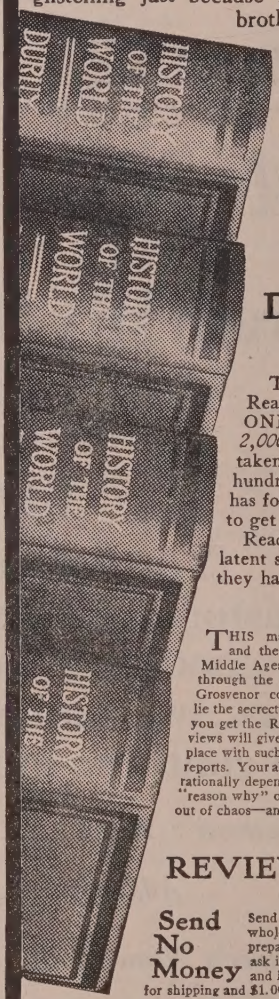

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